The Bolt

A theory by Emilia Sameyn Desmet
23 03 2026
Warning: this text contains references to existential anxiety, depression,
psychological problems, and death.

I am happy. I have time.
And yet it feels like something is amiss. As if something is wrong. There is always something.
As if one wrong action will cause the whole universe to collapse. As if I am living in the wrong world.
As if there is something wrong in this world. A bad dream from which I cannot wake up.
I see colour, but everything feels gray. I have time, and yet I feel rushed.
I am young, and yet I feel tired.
I want to do all sorts of things, but I also want to crawl into my bed and never get out of bed again.
Many people probably feel this way too. And that is okay.
We must acknowledge things and communicate about them.

I thought of calling this problem "The Mystery," but that would make the problem seem too big. Even "The Problem" makes this phenomenon seem too big and dangerous.
That is why I decide to call this phenomenon "The Bolt."
It sounds much less monstrous than "The Mystery" or "The Problem."
The Bolt also describes the problem exactly. For it feels as if a Bolt is missing in me
or in the world. Like a broken machine.
The Bolt is small, and perhaps a problem that can be solved,
perhaps it will always be present.

Regards, Emilia